

SONGS, &c.

IN THE

WOODMAN,

A

COMIC OPERA.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

THE
HISTORY
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW
YORK
FROM
THE
FIRST
SETTLEMENT
TO
THE
PRESENT
TIME
BY
JOHN
B. HENRY
NEW
YORK
1845

643.9/8
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SONGS,
DUETS, TRIOS,
GLEES, CHORUSES, &c.
IN THE
COMIC OPERA
OF THE
WOODMAN.

AS PERFORMED
AT THE
THEATRE ROYAL,
COVENT-GARDEN.

THIRD EDITION.

K. Bate, Lib. H. J. Andrews, Dudley.

BY MR. BATE DUDLEY.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED BY W. WOODFALL,
FOR T. CADELL, IN THE STRAND.

1791.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT the OPERA of THE WOODMAN has been hastily put together, its defects will but too plainly point out. To excite the admired talents of a MUSICAL FRIEND, superseded every other consideration in this undertaking. In an endeavour to sketch his scenes from Nature, if the Writer has failed, the demerit must be entirely his own. In this case, he can only lament, that the genius of a great LYRIC COMPOSER should have been misguided by his inability---but the pride of having first introduced the modest merit of MR. SHIELD to the Theatrical World, he must still retain!

He was advised, to shelter himself under an assumed name, from some friendly apprehension on the score of party prejudice; but this he thought unnecessary.---The decision of an English Audience, is seldom regulated by unworthy motives; and personal resentment is so invariably disclaimed by candid Criticism, that to deprecate it on the present occasion, would degrade, even the humility of a DRAMATIC AUTHOR!

Feb. 26, 1791.

*** The words adapted to two or three old AIRS, unavoidably partake of a broken, irregular measure.

DRAMA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Walter Waring,	-	-	-	MR. QUICK.
Fairlop (the Woodman)	-	-	-	MR. BANNISTER.
Wilford,	-	-	-	MR. INCLEDON.
Capt. O'Donnel,	-	-	-	MR. JOHNSTONE.
Matt. Medley,	-	-	-	MR. BLANCHARD.
Bob the Miller,	-	-	-	MR. WILLIAMSON.
Filbert,	-	-	-	MR. CROSS.

Emily,	-	-	-	-	MADAMEPIELTAIN
Dolly,	-	-	-	-	MRS. MARTYR.
Miss Di Clackit,	-	-	-	-	MRS WEBB.
Polly,	-	-	-	-	MISS HUNTLEY.
Bridget,	-	-	-	-	MRS. CROSS.

FEMALE ARCHERS, FORESTERS, &c.

S O N G S, &c.
IN THE
W O O D M A N.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A I R I.—*Medley*—BLANCHARD.

I N the World's crooked path where I've been,
There to share of life's gloom my poor part,
The bright sun-shine that soften'd the scene
Was—a *smile from the girl of my heart!*

Not a swain, when the lark quits her nest,
But to labour with glee will depart,
If at eve he expects to be blest
With—a *smile from the girl of his heart!*

Come then crosses, and cares as they may,
Let my mind still this maxim impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day
Is—a *smile from the girl of his heart!*

AIR

A I R II.—Sir Walter Waring—QUICK.

WHAT mortal e'er saw such a creature?
 How prettily turn'd ev'ry feature!
 A mouth chafely simple!
 A chin deck'd with dimple,
 A cheek that discloses
 Full-blown damask-roses,
 With a lip like a ruby that's brought from afar,
 And an eye—that out-twinkles the bright morn-
 ing star!

S C E N E II.

A I R III.—QUARTETTO.

Fairlop, Emily, Dolly, and Polly,

FOR all thy boons below,
 Oh ruddy HEALTH! to thee
 Thus ever, ever flow
 The grateful strains of Industry!

CHORUS of Woodmen.

FROM Labour's sons around
 The woodlands catch the sound;
 While songsters blithe on ev'ry spray,
 Attune their voices to our roundelay!

AIR

A I R IV.—*Emily*—*MRS. PIELTAIN.*

ZEPHYR, come thou playful minion,
Greet with whispers soft mine ear!
Hence! each breeze of ruder pinion,
Tell me I have nought to fear!

Gently, ZEPHYR, wing him over,
Tho' I ne'er behold him more;
With the breath of some young lover;
Waft him to his native shore!

A I R V.—*Fairlop*—*BANNISTER.*

ON Freedom's happy land
My task of duty done,
With *Mirth's* light-hearted band
Why not the lowly *Woodman* one?

Tho' Fortune's smile our groves forsake,
Mirth may be left behind;
For wealth can neither give, nor take
This treasure of the mind!

On Freedom's happy land, &c.

Come, Cheerfulness, with blithesome gait,
Trip by the peasant's side;
While Care—in cold, and sullen state,
Sits on the brow of pride.

On Freedom's happy land, &c.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

A I R VI.—GLEE.

Emily, Dolly, Medley, and Bob.

WHAT is LOVE?—An odd compound of
 simples most sweet,
 Cull'd in life's spring by fancy—poor mortals to
 cheat;
 A passion--no eloquence yet could improve,
 So a sigh best expresses the passion of *Love*!

A I R VII.—*Medley.*

SAY what kind of revenge shall I take?
 Shall I quit her—and see her no more?—
 'Tis a pity at once to forsake
 What we've learnt a long while to adore!

If I tell her, for life we must part,
 Ten to one if it gives her much pain!
 Should she feel it—my own rebel heart
 Will fly to her succour again!

S C E N E V.

AIR VIII.—Sir Walter Waring.

SURELY woman's a powerful creature
 In every stage of her life,
 So arm'd at all points, by dame Nature,
 As Maiden—Miss—Widow—or Wife!

In her bloom, ev'ry glance she shoots thro' you;
 Ever after her larum's well strung:—
 And sure is that force to subdue you,
 Which shifts from the eye, to the tongue!

S C E N E VI.

AIR IX.—DUET.

Emily, and Dolly.

THE blushing pink—the spotless white,
 Will always charm the purer sight,
 Disdaining gaudy pride:
 How can such colours fail to please,
 When oh! with silken bands like these,
 True-lover's-knots are ty'd!

B

AIR

AIR X.—Dolly.

THERE's a something in kissing--I cannot tell
 why,
 Makes my heart in a tumult jump more than
 breast high :

For nine times in ten,
 So teasing,
 And pleasing,
 We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing
 men,
 That we wish it repeated again, and again !

Though a kiss stop my breath, oh ! how little
 care I,

Since a woman at some-time or other must die !
 For nine times in ten,

So teasing,
 And pleasing,
 We find those rude creatures—the dear kissing
 men,
 That we wish it repeated again, and again !

SCENE

S C E N E VII.

*AIR. XI.—Polly.**[The verse with inverted commas is omitted in representation.]*

WHEN first I slipp'd my leading strings—to
 please her little POLL,
 My mother bought me at the fair, a pretty waxen
Doll;
 Such floe-black eyes, and cherry cheeks, the
 smiling dear posselt,
 How could I kiss it oft enough—or hug it to
 my breast?

No sooner I could prattle it, as forward Misses
 do,
 Than how I long'd, and sigh'd to hear—my Dolly
 prattle too;
 I curl'd her hair in ringlets neat, and dress'd her
 very gay,
 And yet the sulky huffy not a syllable would
 say.

“ Provok'd, that to my questions kind, no an-
 “ swer I could get,
 “ I shook the little huffy well—and whipp'd her
 “ in a pet:—
 “ My mother cry'd, Oh fie upon't—pray let your
 “ doll alone,
 “ If e'er you wish to have a pretty baby of your
 “ own!”

My head on this I bridled up, and threw the
 play-thing by,
 Altho' my sister snubb'd me for't—I know the
 reason why—
 I fancy she would wish to keep the sweet-hearts
 all her own,
 But that she sha'n't, depend upon't—when I'm a
 woman grown!

AIR. XII.—Captain O'Donnell.

OH! a French foederation,
 Or courtier's oration,
 Is all botheration,
 To you *Bob*, and me!—
 But what's more inviting,
 My own heart delighting,
 Faith better than fighting,
 I'll tell you—d'ye see.
 Why, the snug little blessings that most men
 desire,
 The girl we can love—and the friend we ad-
 mire!
 But the sight above all, would you feel, my lad,
 here below,
 Make the warm flame of gratitude tenderly over-
 flow!

Tho' drones heap with pleasure,
 Wealth's mischievous measure,
 Faith that is no treasure
 —To you *Bob*, or me!—

But what's more inviting, &c.

AIR

AIR XIII.—Bob.

MY heart is as honest, and brave as the best,
 My body's as sound as a roach;
 Tho' in gay fangled garments I never was drest,
 Nor stuck up my nob in a coach:
 If Fortune refuses to flow with my stream,
 My sacks with her riches to fill,
 Why surely 'tis Fortune alone that's to blame—
 And not honest *Bob of the Mill*.

My breast is as artless, and blithe as my lay,
 From my cottage Content never flies;
 She is sure to reward the fatigue of the day,
 And I know how to value the prize:
 Would the girl that I love, then, but give me her
 hand,
 The world it may wag as it will;
 I defy the first 'Squire, or Lord of the Land,
 To dishonour plain *Bob of the Mill*!

END OF ACT I.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

A I R XIV.---Emily.

SWEET inmate—SENSIBILITY!
How pure thy transports flow,
When even grief that springs from thee,
Is luxury in woe!
Without thee—where's the sigh of love,
Or blush by grace refin'd?—
Where Friendship's sacred tear to prove
The triumph of the mind?

RONDEAU—Sweet inmate, &c.

A I R XV.—Fairlop.

Good lack a day!
I would not for the land I hold,
Nor sacks brim-full of British gold
My trust betray:—
I'll do such deed for no man!
My maxim is, to do my best
To make each creature round me blest—
Much more—a helpless Woman!

A I R

A I R XVI.—TRIO.

Sir Walter, Medley, and Bob.

ALL—Hard is the task in one decree,
To blend

Medley———Law!

Bob———Love!

Sir Walter———and Clemency!

ALL—But where they equally prevail,
Let soft Compassion turn the scale!

S C E N E IX.

A I R XVII.—Dolly.

WHEN next you view the lilly blow,
Or on wild heath the driven snow,

Toss'd rudely by the wind—

Tell me then, which you would compare

To her—who with a form that's fair,

Adds still a fairer mind!

A I R XVIII.—DUET.

Medley and Dolly.

Medley. HAVING brought my suit to issue,

I may venture close to kiss you,

Lovely *Dolly*!—dearest *Doll*!

Ever singing *toll-de-roll*.

[*Ad lib.*

Dolly.

Dolly. Aye ! but when my charms are falling,
Shall I then still hear you calling
“ Lovely *Dolly* !—dearest *Doll* !
“ Ever singing *toll de roll* ? &c.”

Medley. You're a woman, }
Dolly. You're a man, Sir, } made for ever !

Both. Hold your head up now, my dear,
Such a match for you, how clever !
You'll be envy'd far and near,
Ever singing *toll-de-roll*, &c. [*Ad lib.*]

S C E N E X.

A I R XIX.—Emily.

ANDANTE.

HEAR me ! and comfort shall your steps
attend ;
Leave not the man of worth without a friend !

ALLEGRO.

Oh ! the rapture of possessing
Power to dispense a blessing,
Or to raise a prostrate foe ;
God-like he !—the deed concealing—
Who, with sympathetic feeling,
Softens but one sigh of woe !

A I R

S C E N E XI.

A I R XXI.—GLEE.*

Emily, Dolly, Capt. O'Donnel, Medley, and Bob.

OH, Mistress Coy! where art thou roving?
 Oh! stay and hear thy true-love coming,
 That can sing both high, and low.
 Trip no farther, pretty sweeting,
 Journies end in lovers' meeting,
 Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

Seek for love—but not hereafter;
 Present mirth has present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure.
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Flee not bliss, then, sweet, and twenty,
 Youth's a season won't endure!

* The Author thought he might, with less presumption, slightly alter these original Words of SHAKESPEAR to make them incidental to the Scene, than adapt others, which would probably have impaired the Melody of this charming GLEE.

A I R XXII.—Medley.

OH! Life's a gay forest, like merry Sherwood,
Tantara, my boys!

Abounding with fish, flesh, and fowl, that is
good

These are your joys!

When the soft mountain-roe

Is skipping—soho!

Or tripping—teigho!

It will happen so!

This—this is the time, if it's well understood,
For the sport of that forest—dear merry Sher-
wood!

In such forests where game will for ever arise,
Tantarra, my boys!

We may chace ev'ry light-footed pleasure that
flies;

These are your joys!

Slyly then mark the doe,

That's skipping—soho!

Or tripping—teigho!

It will happen so!

For the well-flavour'd ven'son, dear me! is so
good,

That is shot by an arrow in merry Sherwood!

AIR XXIII.—*Miss Di Clackit,*

YOUNG women should shun tittle-tattle ;
 Like fun-dials, never should prattle ;
 Just tell what they're ask'd and be still ;
 But girls are so idle,
 Their tongue they won't bridle,
 So gallop it goes like the clack of a mill,

We gentry you never hear rattle
 Like furies engag'd in a battle :
 Of talking we soon have our fill :
But girls are so idle, &c.

* AIR XXIV.—*Capt. O'Donnell.*

THO' Poets be-paint the young arch God of
 Love,
 As hood-wink'd, for playing his rogue's-tricks
 above ;
 He was born blind, believe me, for no other
 crime,
 Than daring to peep in the budget of Time !
 With a *Drimondul Dulish* ! dear Miss there's no
 crime,
 So great as—to peep in the budget of TIME !

The poor urchin's fate, then, dear creature !
 beware ;
 Those eyes, on my conscience, we never can
 spare ;
 Taste the blessings that Nature presents in your
 prime,
 And you'll ne'er want to peep in the budget of
 Time !

With your *Drimondul Dulish* ! &c.

* The above Air is omitted in the Representation.

A I R XXV.—Capt. O'Donnel.

OH, fear not, my courage, prov'd over and over!

Your foldier will rout each impertinent lover;

With a row-dow! I'll guard you—the foe shall your presence fly,

Who to fall in love here—must have tumbled, faith, pretty high!

With wide-spreading charms, like the *Lake of Killarney*,

Dear creature, oh! listen to none of their blarney.

With a row-dow, &c.

Your true-hearted lad is come galloping to you:

Oh! the *Salmon-leap's* nought to his flight to pursue you.

With a row-dow, &c.

Your short date of beauty—your glib tongue contrasting,

Like our own *Giant's-Causeway*, will prove everlasting!

With a row-dow, &c.

SCENE

S C E N E XII.

A I R XXVI.—TRIO.

Capt. O'Donnel, Medley, and Bob.

SHOULD Mirth be observ'd by her sons to
decline,
They recruit her bright lamp, with a flask of
good wine !
When the glass circles round, and our spirits
improve,
How sweet flows the bumper — to Friendship,
and Love !

END OF ACT II.

ACT III. SCENE XIII.

A I R XXVII.—*Wilford.*

TIS in vain for succour calling,
Hope no more my bosom cheers !
Cruel Fate that bliss appalling,
With her scroll of joyless years !
Come, Despair ! and Distraction confound me !
Add still to my life's wretched load ;
And while your mix'd horrors surround me,
This desert of wildness shall be my abode !

A I R XXVIII.—*Capt. O'Donnel.*

BY her own lovely self, that's my choice, and
delight ;
By that form I could gaze on from morning to
night ;
By that bosom, so prettily veil'd from my sight,
I swear to adore the dear creature !

I swear to adore, &c.

By the smiles on that cheek, I could ever
caress ;
By the stars, which her forehead so brilliantly
dress ;
By those lips, which—my own pair would
willingly press,
I swear to adore the dear creature !

I swear to adore, &c.

SCENE

S C E N E XIV.

A I R XXIX.—FULL CHORUS.

HAIL to the vine of Britain's vale!
Whose stores refine her nut-brown ale,
Till that like nectar flows;
Whose virtues—to this isle confin'd,
Are sent to cheer a Briton's mind,
Too gen'rous for his foes!

A I R XXX---QUARTETTO.

*Miss Di Clackit, Sir Walter Waring, Medley, and
Capt. O'Donnel.*

Medley & Capt. } MARK! how the cooing pair
O'Donnell. } draw near!

Miss Di } Why, Captain?
Clackit. }

Sir Walter }
Waring. } - - - - - Emily

Both. - - - - - I'm here!
Where are you? Sure I'm not
too late!

Medley & Capt. } Hark, the old ring-dove calls his
O'Donnell. } mate!

AIR

A I R XXXI.—DUET.

Sir Walter Waring and Captain O'Donnel.

THE dreadful weapons choose, Sir!
 No, that I must refuse, Sir;
 We'll bring enough,
 Then fight in buff,
 'Twill make important news, Sir!

Sword! pike! and hand-grenade!
 Will prove us not afraid,
 With these { *O'Don.* try well } to hack me.
 { *Sir Walt.* you think }
 But being brave,
 I'll only have
Capt. O'Don.—My honors' self! } to back me
Sir Walt. —Twelve constables! }

SCENE

S C E N E XV.

A I R XXXII.—SESTETTO.

Medley, Bob, and Female Archers.

Female Arch. Oh sweet
 But mind } Mr. Medley, I say!
 Come dear }
Medley. What the duce is the matter?
Bob. How neatly they prattle!
Medley. If you keep such a clatter,
Bob. What sweet pretty prattle!
Medley. No game on the forest will stay,
F. Arch. & Bob. ——— Oh fie!
Medley. But hence it will fly,
 To Old Nick in a trice to get out
 of your way!

Female Arch. Oh sweet
 But mind } Mr. Medley, I say!
 Come dear }
Medley. Now don't stretch your lungs—
Female Arch. We mind not your sneers:
Medley. For to all your glib tongues
 Little Huffies you know,
F. Arch. & Bob. Come pray let us go!
Medley. I've only but one pair of ears!
Med. & Bob. ——— Pretty dears!

D

A I R

A I R XXXIII.—Medley.

Come lasses ! follow me,
With merry glee,
To sports of Woodland archery !

CHORUS *of Female ARCHERS.*

With merry glee,
We follow thee,
To sports of Woodland Archery !

S C E N E XVI.

A I R XXXIV.—GLEE.

Emily, Dolly, and Bob.

HARK—the Bugle's sylvan strain,
Calls us to the sportive plain,
Scene of artless love !
Shepherds—faithful tales advancing,
Maidens hearts in transport dancing,
Happy may they prove !
How blissful then the Wood-nymphs green
retreat,
Where Love, and Innocence enraptur'd meet !

A I R XXXV.—CHORUS.

TO Beauty's shaft the prize decree,
In strains of antient minstrelsy !

A I R

A I R XXXVI.—*Wilford.*

OH tell me, *Memory!* no more,
What woe in banishment was mine—
What pain this lab'ring bosom bore,
Compell'd its treasure to resign!

But tell me, *Memory*—more kind,
The envy'd transports I regain;
Record them on my grateful mind,
That not a sorrow may remain!

V A U D E V I L L E.

C H O R U S.

TUNE the pipe, and strike the tabor,
Quickly join their faithful hands;
This is not a time for labour,
While young Joy on tip-toe stands!

Sir Walter Waring to Emily.

JUSTICE bids me now besit you,
Blind to all your roguish charms;
So I'll certainly *commit* you—
To an honest husband's arms!

Tune the pipe, &c.

DUET.—*Wilford, and Emily.*

Fearless now our vows are plighted,
Hence the clouds of sorrow fly!
Love, and Constancy united,
Thus restore a tranquil sky.

Tune the pipe, &c.

DUET.

DUETT.—*Dolly, and Medley.*

Med.—*Dolly*—mind you love me dearly!

Doll.—Never fear if you are true:

Med.—Scolding, } I shall take but queerly,
Doll.—Chiding, }

Both—Sulky fits will never do!

Tune the pipe, &c.

Captain O'Donnel.

Marriage faith's a pretty notion,
If you could but change a wife;

But a soldier loves promotion—

Not a warm campaign for life!

Tune the pipe, &c.

Fairlop.

'Though my Woodland thus you plunder,
Of the sweetest plant that grew,
At the loss I cannot wonder—
May it better thrive with you.

FULL CHORUS.

Tune the pipe, and strike the tabor,
Quickly join their faithful hands;
This is not a time for labour,
While young Joy on tip-toe stands!

T H E E N D.

